

# Religious Intelligencer

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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A Night View of the CRATER OF KIRAUUA, a Volcano at the Sandwich Islands.

We present our readers at this time with a view of the Volcano of Kirauua, in the Sandwich Islands—as it appeared in the night time to the Missionaries, by whom it was visited. No picture or description, be the colors ever so brilliant, or the language ever so glowing, can convey to our minds any adequate idea of the awful grandeur of a volcano; but still it may answer as a guide to our imagination. We may look upon a faithful sketch of its outlines, be told accurately its dimensions, its vast height and depth, hear a description of its groans and thunder, its red flames and running lava, but all to very little purpose. There is no way of getting an idea of its true magnitude, but by standing upon its brink ourselves, and taking in at one view its sublimities and terrors. The fact, that fire, that devouring and dreaded element, is the agent of all this havoc and devastation, is the one that lends awe and horror to the scene. Exhibitions of power in the winds and waves we have become familiar with; but billows of red-hot lava, and tempests of flame are peculiar to the volcano. And while we contemplate the awful

majesty of its operation, we ought to spare an emotion of gratitude, that such an agent is imprisoned in the bowels of the earth.

Volcanoes, in their union of mystery and majesty, are deservedly among the most interesting of the phenomena of nature; they have in all ages of the world been received as such.

The convulsions, which the light of science has now taught us to attribute to gases produced by the agency of fire, and labouring to make their escape, have been attributed by heathen nations to the power of some god residing within. According to the notions of the Romans, the god Vulcan inhabited Mount Etna, a volcano in Sicily, where he forged thunderbolts for Jupiter, and armour for the gods. A goddess called Pele, according to the superstition of the Sandwich Islanders, occupies the volcano which we are presently to describe.

It has been computed that there are nearly two hundred Volcanoes now in operation upon land, and as many more beneath the sea. Those which have been the most celebrated in history, are Mount Ve-

suivus in Italy, Etna in Sicily, and Hecla in Iceland.

The Volcano of Kirauea which is the subject of our plate, is situated in Hawaii, (Owyhee) the largest of the Sandwich Islands, about 25 miles from the sea shore. It was recently visited by the Missionaries in those islands, and described in the Journal of their tour—a little work which we would recommend to our readers as one of extreme novelty and interest. The following description is collected from it.

"We travelled on, clearing every ohelo bush, that grew near the path, till about 2 P. M. (*August 1,*) when the CRATER of KIRAUEA all at once burst upon our view. We expected to have seen a mountain with a broad base, and rough indented sides, composed of loose slags, or streams of lava, and whose summit would have presented a rugged wall of scoria, forming the rim of a mighty chaldron. But instead of this, we found ourselves on the edge of a steep precipice, with a vast plain before us, fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, and sunk from 200 to 400 feet below its original level. The surface of the plain below was uneven, and strewn over with large stones, and volcanic rocks; and in the centre of it was the great crater, a mile or a mile and a half distant from the precipice, on which we were standing."

"Led by our guides, we walked on to the north end of the ridge, where, the precipice being less steep, a descent to the plain below seemed practicable. It required, however, the greatest caution, as the stones and fragments of rock frequently gave way under our feet, and rolled down from above; and with all our care we did not reach the bottom without several falls and slight bruises. After walking some distance over the sunken plain, which, in several places sounded hollow under our feet, we came suddenly to the edge of the great crater, where a spectacle, sublime and appalling, presented itself before us.

"Astonishment and awe for some moments deprived us of speech, and, like statues, we stood fixed to the spot, with our eyes rivetted on the abyss below.

"Immediately before us yawned an immense gulph, in the form of a crescent, upwards of two miles in length, about a mile across, and apparently eight hundred feet deep. The bottom was filled with lava, and the south-west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of liquid fire, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its 'fiery surge,' and flaming billows. Fifty-one craters, of varied form and size, rose like so many conical islands, from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of grey smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame."

"The sides of the gulf before us were perpendicular, for about 400 feet; when there was a wide horizontal ledge of solid black lava, of irregular breadth, but extending completely round. Beneath this black ledge, the sides sloped towards the centre, which was, as nearly as we could judge, 300 or 400 feet lower. It was evident that the crater had been recently filled with liquid lava up to this black ledge, and had, by some subterranean canal, emptied itself into the sea, or inundated the low land on the shore. \* \* "

"After our first feelings of astonishment had subsided, we continued for about half an hour, contemplating a scene, which we felt it impossible to describe, filled with wonder and admiration at the almost overwhelming manifestation of the power of that dread Being who created the world, and who has declared that by fire he will one day destroy it.

"Removing then along the western side of the crater, till we reached the north end, we deposited the few provisions and little baggage that we had, and having quenched our thirst with water brought in canteens, we directed the natives to build a hut for us to pass the night in, in such a situation as to command a view of the burning lava; and while they were thus employed, we prepared to examine the many interesting objects around us."

"On returning as the sun was setting, we were none of us pleased with the site which they had chosen. It was at the north-east end of the crater, on a pile of rocks overhanging the abyss below, and actually within four feet of the precipice. When we expressed our disapprobation, they said it was the only place where we might expect to pass the night undisturbed by Pele, and secure from earthquakes and other calamity. We told them it was unnecessarily near, and being also unsafe, we wished to remove. They answered, that as it was within the limits prescribed by Pele for safe lodging, they should be unwilling to sleep any where else, and had not time to build another hut for us."

"We now partook with cheerfulness of our evening repast, and afterwards, amidst the whistling of the winds around, and the roaring of the furnace beneath, rendered our evening sacrifice of praise, and committed ourselves to the secure protection of our God. We then spread our mats on the ground.

"Between nine and ten, the dark clouds and heavy fog, that since the setting of the sun had hung over the volcano, gradually cleared away, and the fires of Kirauea, darting their fierce light athwart the midnight gloom, unfolded a sight terrible and sublime beyond all we had yet seen.

"The agitated mass of lava, like a flood of melted metal, raged with tumultuous whirl!



The lively flame, that danced over its surface, tinged with sulphureous blue, or glowing with red, cast a broad glare of light on the indented sides of the insulated craters, whose bellowing mouths, amidst flames, and eddying streams of fire, shot up, at intervals, with loudest detonations, spherical masses of fusing lava, or ignited stones.

"The dark bold outline of the perpendicular and jutting rocks around, formed a striking contrast with the luminous lake below, whose rays thrown on the rugged promontories, and reflected by the overhanging clouds, combined to complete the awful grandeur of the scene."

But we shall here introduce a more particular description of this wonderful phenomenon in nature, drawn up by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, who visited the volcano in June, 1825, in company with Lord Byron, and several of the officers of the *Blonde*, a British frigate then at the Sandwich Islands, and attended by about 100 of the chiefs and natives of the Island.

After describing the incidents of the first day's journey, and the picturesque scene of their encampment at night, Mr. Stewart says :

By daylight the next morning, we were on the road again. At 9 o'clock we breakfasted at the last houses put up for our accommodation on the way, and by 11, had arrived within three miles of the object of our curiosity. For the last hour, the scenery had become more interesting than it had been during most of the preceding day ; our path was occasionally skirted with groves and clusters of trees, and fringed with a greater variety of vegetation. Here, also, the smoke of the volcano was just descried, settling in light fleecy clouds to the south-west. Our resting place, at this time, was a delightful spot, commanding a full view of the wide extent of country over which we had travelled, and around it, the ocean, which, from the vast and almost undistinguished extent of its horizon, seemed literally an "illimitable sea." The smooth green sward, under a majestic koa tree, (an acacia,) nearly encircled by thickets of a younger growth, afforded a refreshing couch on which to take our luncheon. We tarried, however, but for a moment, and then hurried on to the grand object before us.

The nearer we approached, the more heavy the column of smoke appeared, and excited, to intenseness, our curiosity to behold its origin. Under the influence of this excitement, we hastened forward with rapid step, regardless of the heat of a noonday sun, and the fatigue of a walk of thirty-six miles already accomplished. A few minutes before 12 o'clock, we came suddenly on the brink of a precipice 150 or 200 feet high, covered with shrubbery and trees. Descending this, by a

path nearly perpendicular, we crossed a plain, half a mile in width, enclosed, except in the direction we were going, by the cliff behind us, and found ourselves, a second time, on the top of a precipice 400 feet high, also covered with bushes and trees. This, like the former, swept off to the right and left, enclosing, in a semi-circular form, a level space, about a quarter of a mile broad, immediately beyond which, lay the tremendous abyss of our search, emitting volumes of vapour and smoke, and laboring and groaning, as if in irrepressible agony, from the raging of the conflicting elements, within its bosom. We stood but a moment, to take this first distant gaze, then hastily descended the almost perpendicular height, and crossed the plain to the very brink of the crater.

There are scenes to which description, and even painting, can do no justice in conveying any adequate impression of which, they must ever fail. Of such, an elegant traveller rightly says, "the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the combined aspect may all be correctly given, but the mind of the reader will remain untouched by the emotions of admiration and sublimity which the eye witness experiences." That which here burst on our sight, was, emphatically, of this kind, and to behold it without singular and deep emotion, demands a familiarity with the more terrible phenomena of nature, which few have the opportunity of acquiring. Standing at an elevation of 1500 feet, we looked into a horrid gulf, not less than eight miles in circumference, so directly beneath us, that in appearance we might, by a single leap, have plunged into its lowest depth. The hideous immensity itself, independent of the many frightful images embraced in it, almost caused an involuntary closing of the eyes against it. But when to the sight, is added the appalling effect of the various unnatural and fearful noises, the muttering and sighing, the groaning and blowing, the every agonized struggling of the mighty action within—as a whole, it is too horrible !—And, on the first moment, I felt like one of my friends, who, on reaching the brink, recoiled and covered his face, exclaiming, "call it weakness, or what you please, but I cannot look again !"

"It was sufficient employment for the afternoon simply to sit and gaze on the scene, and though some of our party strolled about on the level above, and one or two descended a short distance in the crater, the most of our number deferred all investigation till the next morning.

"From what I have already said, you will perceive, that this volcano differs, in one respect, from most others of which we have accounts : the crater, instead of being the trun-

cated top of a mountain, distinguishable at a distance in every direction, is an immense chasm, in an upland country, near the base of the Mouna Roa,\* approached, not by ascending a cone, but by descending two vast terraces, and not visible from any point, at a greater distance than half a mile: a circumstance, which, no doubt, from the suddenness of the arrival at it, adds much to the effect of a first look from its brink. It is probable, that, originally, it was a cone—but assumed its present aspect, it may be centuries ago, from the falling in of the whole summit. Of this the precipices we descended, which entirely encircle the crater in circumferences of 15 and 20 miles, give strong evidence: they having unquestionably been formed by the sinking of the mountain, whose foundations had been undermined by the devouring flames beneath. One half of the present depth of the crater has been caused, in the same manner, at no very remote period. About midway from the top, a ledge of lava, in some places many rods, and in others only a few feet wide, extends entirely round, (at least so far as examination has been made) forming a kind of gallery, to which you can descend in two or three places, and walk as far as the smoke, settling at the south end, will permit. This offset leaves incontestible marks of having once been the level of the fiery flood, boiling in the bottom of the crater; a subduction of lava, by some subterranean channel, has since taken place, and sunk the abyss many hundred feet, to its present depth.

"The gulf below contains between fifty and sixty smaller conical craters, many of which are in constant action. The tops and sides of two or three of these are covered with sulphur of mingled shades of green and yellow; with the exception of these, the ledge, and every thing below it, is of a dismal black.

"As the darkness of the night gathered round us, new and powerful effect was given to the scene. Fire after fire, which the glare of mid-day had entirely concealed, began to glimmer on the eye, with the first shades of the evening; and as the darkness increased, appeared in such rapid succession, as forcibly to remind me of the hasty lighting of the lamps of a city on the sudden approach of a gloomy night. Two or three of the small craters, nearest to the north side, where we lodged, were in full action, every moment casting out stones, ashes and lava,

\* The height of Mouna Roa has never been accurately measured, but variously estimated from sixteen to eighteen thousand feet, being thus one or two thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc, and five or six thousand feet higher than the Peak of Teneriffe.

with heavy detonations, while the irritated flames accompanying them, glared widely over the surrounding obscurity, against the sides of the ledge and upper cliffs, richly illuminating the volumes of smoke at the south end, and occasionally casting a bright reflection on the bosom of a passing cloud. The great seat of action however, seemed to be at the southern and western end, where an exhibition of ever-varying fire-works was presented, surpassing in beauty and sublimity all that the ingenuity of art ever devised. Rivers of fire were seen rolling in splendid corruscation among the laboring craters; and on one side a whole lake, whose surface constantly flashed and sparkled with the agitation of contending currents.

"Expressions of admiration and astonishment burst momentarily from our lips, and though greatly fatigued with our walk, it was near midnight before we could yield ourselves to a sleep, often interrupted during the night, to gaze on the light with renewed wonder and surprise. As I laid myself down on my mat, fancying the very ground, which was my pillow, to shake beneath my head, the silent musings of my own mind were—"Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!—greatly art thou to be feared thou king of saints."

(To be concluded.)

#### DEDICATION AND ORDINATION AT GROTON, MASS.

A few weeks since it was mentioned that there was an attention to religion in Groton, Mass. Within a few months, the friends of truth there, by uncommon exertions, have erected a new and beautiful house of worship, to be solemnly consecrated to the one God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The revival still continues. Mr. Todd, having accepted the invitation of the Union Church to become their Pastor, the Dedication of the new house, and the Ordination of the Pastor elect, are to take place on Wednesday, the 3d of January, 1827. The Dedication Sermon to be by Mr. Todd; the Ordination Sermon by Rev. Dr. Beecher, of Boston. The candidate is to be publicly examined by the Ecclesiastical Council, the evening preceding.—*Rec. & Tel.*

*Messrs. Editors.*—I saw in one of your numbers for November, a notice of the Ordination of Rev. Mr. Storer (a Unitarian) in Waipole, Ms. It would doubtless be pleasing to your readers to learn, that on the Monday previous to his ordination an *Orthodox Congregational Church* was embodied, consisting of 31 members male and female. Five or six weeks previous to this an *Orthodox Congregational Society* had been formed, embracing about seventy families. For some length of time they have held meetings by themselves on the Sabbath, and are now taking measures to erect a house for the worship of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.—*ib.*



From the Recorder and Telegraph.

#### PRAYING CIRCLES.

Many are the duties devolving upon the believer in Christ, than which none is more important than prayer. All acquiesce in the fact, that a *Christian cannot exist without he duly attends to secret prayer*; and the person who will thus perform prayer, will delight to associate in earthly temples publicly, and in social circles to join or lead as circumstances may require, in this vital exercise of practical piety.

Mark the devoted Christian, and you will behold the frequency, fervency, and enlargedness of his supplications; however defective and defiled they may have appeared in his sight, yet he has found his petitions answered to the peace and comfort of his soul.

I am accustomed now and then to fall in at the house of a friend, where an altar has been erected for *praying brethren*; where petitions and thanksgivings ascend up daily to the Most High, before the sun gilds this western hemisphere; where the blessed Saviour has been pleased to verify his promise, "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them;" where faith has brightened amidst gracious answers from the hand of the Lord; where hopes have been more substantiated, sin has been more abhorred, and dependance upon the blessed Spirit has been more realized; where the kindred flame of holy love has caught from heart to heart, producing not only union of exertion, but decision of character. Well may those interested in these social circles, when surrounded by their sacred influence, and lighted onward by the bright examples of the Apostles and primitive Christians, exclaim with all the fervor of a holy Peter, "It is good for us to be here."

Under a conviction that important results flow from *praying circles*, I wish to call the attention of all to this important duty who have Zion's cause at heart. Does not the experience of every believer attest to the efficacy of morning visits to his God in secret? Can the efficacy of visits in conjunction with the brethren, (when they do not obtrude upon secret prayer,) be less efficacious to those engaged, and to the spiritual interests of Zion?

It is an age of revivals; and where there are revivals, praying circles exist amongst the brethren. Then let every village, let every neighborhood, number amongst its privileges that of associating for daily intercourse with God in *prayer*. Then would not languor and decline be for a lamentation amidst the walls of Zion; but spiritual strength and vigor would appear upon all the borders of our American Israel.—"The Lord will be inquired of by the house of Israel. And it shall come to pass when it is seen that Moab is weary on the high place, that he shall come to his sanctuary to pray, but he shall not prevail."

C. W. M.

*Reflex influence of Missions.*—"I was much pleased," said Mr. Evarts, "in taking up a Tract the other day, recently issued under the sanction of the American Tract Society, to find it was a translation of one which had previously been published in two languages, by the American missionaries at Malta.—*Obs. & Chron.*

#### TRADITIONS OF THE CHOCTAWS.

To the Editors of the Recorder and Telegraph.

The following particulars respecting the traditions, &c. of the Choctaws, have been principally obtained from one of their most intelligent chiefs, and from his father, a white man, who has lived in the nation more than half a century. The account of these traditions was written some more than two years ago, for the gratification of the Choctaw boys taught at this place.

Respectfully yours,

W. HOOPER.

Mayhew, Oct. 27, 1826.

The Choctaws say their forefathers came from a country situated far toward the going down of the sun. The period of this emigration is thought to be very remote; but tradition does not fix the period, with any tolerable probability. The natives say, that having travelled a great distance, their ancestors came at length to the West bank of the Tombigbee river. They then concluded they would proceed toward the rising sun no further.

For a considerable time, it is said, they had no fixed residence, but roamed from place to place as it suited their convenience or inclination. In this situation they were much annoyed by other tribes. This is probably true; for there are several circumstances which go to prove that the Choctaws lived a long time in a fort. Tradition says that the whole population were assembled and threw up a wall of earth enclosing a ground sufficiently capacious to contain the nation. The place was called Nu-ne-wai-ya. (Stooping Hill.) The wall is still to be seen, and the place is still known by its ancient name. It is not known how long they lived in this fort. The chief above alluded to is of the opinion, that the fort was their home during several generations. At some time during that period, the nation formed itself into two grand divisions or families, each receiving a distinctive name. It was then decreed that no individual should be allowed to form a matrimonial connexion in that division to which he appertained. This law was made it is now supposed, to prevent promiscuous concubinage. A violation of it was attended with almost intolerable disgrace; the offender being viewed very much as an incestuous person is in modern civilized communities. This law or custom still exists, and is scrupulously observed by all the full Choctaws. Some few of the mixed race have broken the custom, and have been much blamed for it.

The Choctaws having remained in the fort till the oldest among them had no knowledge of the time when it was first entered, at length left it, and built small towns and villages a few miles to the south of it.\*

The houses of those times were constructed in the following manner. Several large poles were firmly set in the ground having a fork at the top. Strings made of bark were tied to one of those poles, and passed round horizontally to the others. Small sticks were interwoven, and the walls plastered on both sides with clay. The roof was made of similar materials, with long grass laid on the outside plastering. The house had one apartment

\* The fort is situated some 50 or 60 miles S. W. of Mayhew, and is not far from the military road which has been cut through the nation.

only, and the door or opening, was the only avenue through which air and light were admitted, and the smoke escaped. It was heated by a small fire of bark, placed in the coal pit form, in its centre. Many families now have one house made after the ancient fashion, though of different materials. It is called, Chuk ka-lush-pa, (Hot-house.) In this the family sleep in cold weather. Their most keen edged tools were made of beaver's teeth; knives for common use of seasoned cane; hatchets, arrow points, &c. of stone. Their dress was composed chiefly of animal's skins. They however manufactured a species of stuff from wild hemp and turkey's feathers, of which they made small blankets. Corn, potatoes, and beans, were cultivated to a small extent. But having no domestic animals nor iron tools, they could procure but a small part of their food from the cultivation of the soil. Nor was it necessary, while the country was full of wild animals. One method employed to take their game, was to form a circle, and by advancing toward the centre, to drive the animals into a small compass; when they rushed upon them with clubs and hatchets, and killed as many as they could carry home.

The Choctaws have a tradition respecting the origin of their corn. On a little spot, say they, over which the fire had lately ran, there sprang up a blade differing in its appearance from all vegetation their ancestors had seen. It attracted the attention, and alarmed the fears of the whole community, and was regarded as the harbinger of some dreadful calamity. It was resolved however to let it remain. All the new wonders it exhibited, in its progress from the small blade to the full corn in the ear, were noticed with peculiar interest. As no unusual calamity appeared, their fears subsided. When the plant had come to maturity the people assembled, divided its grains among them, and gave it the name it still bears, viz. Tonchy. The following year the Tonchy was carefully cultivated.

Previous to their intercourse with Europeans, and long after that era, the bodies of the dead were not buried. When a person died, the relatives placed the body upon a scaffold erected for that purpose. When the flesh had become putrid, four men called *bone-pickers*, took down the body, tore off the flesh with their fingers, and carefully laid away the bones in a house kept for that use. The first Choctaw ever known to have been buried, was a great chief who died about 50 years ago.

It is supposed to be some more than a century and a half, since the Choctaws first saw Europeans. The account now given of the circumstances attending that event, is as follows. Some of them being near the Gulf of Mexico, discovered men at a distance whose appearance differed very much from what they had before seen. The Choctaws were not a little alarmed, and retreated with the utmost speed. They however ventured soon to return within sight of the beings, who had excited their *curiosity* no less than their fears. They seemed to be invited to throw away their fears, and approach but durst not. Coming out from their retreat one day, the Choctaws saw no one on the shore; but observed a pole on the beach in an erect position, decorated with beautiful things waving in the air. As they approached the pole, the unknown beings rose up suddenly from the sand with which they had buried themselves, and

rushed upon the affrighted natives. They fled with such precipitation, that one only was taken. This individual the *Spaniards*, (for Spaniards they proved to be,) carried to their vessel. The Choctaw's terror soon gave place to admiration in view of the kindness manifested toward him, and of amazement at the wonderful house and its contents. His new friends dressed him in European style, and among other ornaments suspended a looking glass at his breast. Having been set on shore he sought his affrighted companions. Deeming it unsafe to approach them in his new dress, as they might kill him before he would be recognized, he stripped off his clothes, and went to the camp naked. His companions were astonished at seeing him alive, and still more when he related his adventures. Having seen the valuable expressions of friendship he had received, they at once visited the kind strangers, and experienced additional proofs of their friendship. They called the Spaniards, Na-ho lo, (beloved men) the appellation still given to all white men. The object of the Spaniards was to trade for furs. A trade was then commenced, which formed a most important era in the Choctaw history.

The Spaniards offered to sell guns and ammunition, but not discovering the utility of these, the Choctaws did not at that time purchase. They were most interested with the manner in which fire was produced with the *steel* and *flint*, and were much pleased to obtain them. They almost worshipped their countryman who was caught at the pole. It is said that to him, and to his descendants for several generations, the privilege was granted, of making the first speech in councils.

At a period probably subsequent to the first interview with the Spaniards, the Choctaws and Chickasaws engaged in a war, which proved to be distressing in the extreme to both nations. During the early part of it the Choctaws were much the greatest sufferers; their enemies, it is said, having obtained fire-arms of the English colonists in the Atlantic Provinces, by the noise of which the Choctaws were exceedingly terrified. In one instance the Chickasaws surrounded a settlement of Choctaws, killed every man it contained and made the women prisoners. They marched a short distance, and halted in the Choctaw's country; where the unhappy prisoners were compelled to join in the war-dance, which celebrated the victory over their brothers, fathers, and husbands; and to hold up the scalps of their slaughtered relatives. A few Choctaw warriors who had heard the guns from a distance, approached sufficiently near to discover the appalling situation of their country women, and retired without being noticed. Taking different directions they soon spread the news of what they had seen over the whole nation. The Choctaws were all enraged to the last degree; assembled, and immediately surrounded their enemies. Their thirst to revenge the injury having banished all fear of muskets, they rushed upon their enemies, and soon laid every one of them lifeless at their feet. They then examined the guns; but not understanding the manner of using them, took out the barrels, beat them flat, split them, and formed the parts into knives. These, it is said, were the first edged tools of iron ever used by the Choctaws. The Spaniards afterwards sold them muskets, and taught them how to use them.



Thus furnished, and being more numerous than their foes, the Choctaws prosecuted the war with terrible effect. They carried the war fearlessly into the Chickasaw country, where they surrounded and utterly destroyed a settlement in which the small pox was then prevailing. This disease was carried home by the victors, and spread through all parts of the nation, sweeping off, it is said, not less than 20 or 30,000 persons, or nearly three-fourths of the whole population. The old people now living remember this desolating pestilence, and show the marks it made on their then infant faces.

After the Choctaws had obtained muskets, they had a long and bloody war with the Creeks. In the first part of it, the Creeks had a great advantage by possessing the art of swimming, which the Choctaws had not. By this means they would invade the Choctaw country when and where they were not expected; and when put to the worst, they could often escape over some large stream where the Choctaws could not follow them. The latter at length acquired the art of swimming; and carrying the war into the country of the Creeks, fully retaliated the injuries they had suffered. This war terminated about fifty years ago. The reason now assigned why the Choctaws were formerly ignorant of the art of swimming, is, that where their settlements then were, there were no considerable streams.

One more war of the Choctaws deserves to be named; a war with a small nation called Chock-chu-meh, in the immediate neighborhood of Mayhew. They were very mischievous, particularly disposed to steal, and living near the Chickasaws, annoyed them also. The two nations agreed, and on an appointed day attacked their settlement, one on each side. They continued an indiscriminate slaughter for three days; when the whole population, a very few individuals excepted, were slain. Their bones are still to be seen, on the beautiful prairies, situated to the west of Mayhew. The survivors were divided between the conquering nations. Some of the descendants of those captives are now possessed of greater wealth and influence than any other persons in the Chickasaw nation. A descendant of those taken by the *Choctaws*, has been the *principal chief* over the district in which Elliot is situated. This war happened about the middle of the last century.

#### CHEERING INTELLIGENCE FROM THE SOUTH.

The following intelligence from Georgia, which we copy from the New-York Observer, is cheering indeed to those who rejoice in the prosperity of Zion and the salvation of souls. A revival of religion is no uncommon thing, but a revival in a Southern College, and another in the State Legislature, are indications of greater blessings, and call for the prayers of Christians.

The Synod of South Carolina and Georgia met at Washington, Geo. on the 22d of Nov. I had the satisfaction to be present; and never were ten days of my life spent more happily or more profitably. A good work of grace has already commenced in several places in the State.

During Synod, intelligence came from Milledgeville, that a work of grace had commenced among

the members of the state Legislature. At an anxious meeting, fifteen of them were inquirers, and five or six indulged the hope that they had found the Messiah.

Intelligence was received from Barnwell, S. C. One of the Missionaries in the employ of the South Carolina Domestic Missionary Society, discouraged by the small success of a year's labor, had preached his parting sermon. After the meeting, sixteen persons came in great distress of mind, telling him their feelings, and intreating his prayers and instructions.

The revival in Athens College, Geo. continued till the middle of November, when vacation commenced. At that time thirty students were hopefully subjects of the work. Before they separated, fifty signed a written resolution that they would steadfastly seek for saving faith in Jesus Christ. In the town, the work is still progressing.

In Washington, two days before the meeting of Synod, twenty inquirers were present at the first anxious meeting. These meetings were continued every day, and at the sixth meeting between sixty and seventy were present. Sermons were delivered daily to crowded audiences, who by their fixed attention and silent tears, discovered a deep and increasing solemnity. The Sabbath came. Clergymen from every part of the Synod were present. The hearty good will and warm affection towards all his fellow laborers in the Gospel, with which each minister came to the Synod, had been cherished and much increased by the harmony which ruled their councils, the success which attended their deliberations, and the growing interest which all discovered in the prosperity of Zion. The piety of every one had received a fresh impulse by partaking of the spirit of the place. It was no feeble addition to the effects of the communion, to see eighteen precious souls making a public profession of their faith in Christ,—to see the little girl of twelve years receive the ordinance of baptism by the side of a venerable Judge whose head is whitened with age.

In the midst of this work of his holy Spirit, which was seen by every eye and felt in every heart, the Lord's Supper was administered. During the silence of that hour, tears of devout gratitude mingled with tears of fearful distress,— fervent prayers ascended in the silent meditations of many souls made happy in the divine presence,—and sighs, half suppressed, escaped from many hearts which a recent discovery of sin had filled with bitter anguish.

At this moment I saw in every countenance, resolutions renewed with a solemnity and confidence in God unfelt before. The minister of Christ resolved to live for his Master alone, and to labor only, and more abundantly, for the salvation of precious souls. The young converts formed new resolutions to press onward in the course they had entered—and the anxious determined to be satisfied with nothing less than repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. So many circumstances calculated to produce the happiest and holiest feelings, and to raise the Christian to the sublimest elevation of his celestial character, do not many times unite in the experience of any one individual this side of heaven.

Every morning of the succeeding week, additions were made to the anxious meeting, and some were for the first time rejoicing in a merciful Res-

deemer. On the first day of December, the number of conversions was about 38, and as many more were still anxious.

For a year past, there has been a *Female Prayer Meeting* in the place, attended by a very few devoted Christians, who have persevered in spite of every discouragement; and now the Lord is granting them the reward of their faithfulness, by sending salvation to their people.

There is a Society of Methodists, and one of Presbyterians, in the town, which heartily unite in the good work, and give an example of liberal and charitable feelings not unworthy of the benevolent religion of the Gospel.

The society at Washington, is affluent, refined, and intelligent. Nothing could excel the hospitality and kindness which was extended to every member of the Synodical meeting. It was an untold luxury to a New Englander, to see "true Southern hospitality," and a genuine Northern revival, meet in the same society.

I believe there is a general impression on the minds of God's people, and especially on the minds of his ministers, that the set time to favor Zion in the South is come. The revival at Athens commences a new era in the Southern Colleges. The students have returned to their homes with other impressions of the value of religion than they ever felt before. These, dear Christians, are the signs of the times,—more than indications of the grace of God in the South. Oh, be not faithless, but believing, and persevering in your prayers that the Carolinas and Georgia, may speedily become a land of revivals,—that Christians may abound in faith and good works,—the impenitent be alarmed and returning to Christ,—and the Seminaries send a yearly supply of ministers educated in the school of revivals, to meet the increasing demand for religious instruction.

Your's truly, A. F.

#### FACTS RESPECTING SLAVERY.—An Extract.

In the United States in 1820, there were 1,528,452 Slaves. Their number is doubled in less than twenty years. We have now about 2,000,000.—In 1840, they will amount to 3,000,000; in 1860 to 6,000,000; and in 1880 to 12,000,000.

*They are fast concentrating at the extreme South*—In 1800, the number of Slaves in Maryland was 107,707; and in 1820, 107,398. In Georgia in 1800, there were 59,699; and in 1820, 149,656. In Mississippi in 1800, there were 3,489, and in 1820, 32,841: Georgia almost three times as many, and Mississippi nine times as many in 1820 as in 1800.

Will not that part of the country come under the complete controul of the blacks? They are fast gaining upon the whites, and unless some powerful means are speedily taken to prevent it, we shall have a nation of blacks nearer than St. Domingo.

*Slavery is ruining the Domestic Industry of the Southern States.*—Slave labour under no circumstances, can be brought into competition with free labour. Free labour can be hired in the free States for the interest of the money posted in prices, at the high price, which they have borne for the cultivation of cotton and sugar, including the cost of taking care of them. Millions of acres of land in the slave-holding States, have been left as

irreclaimably barren. The more prosperous counties, in every respect, in Maryland and Virginia, are those which have the fewest Slaves. The Slave population either checks or drives out the free white. The white population of Maryland and Virginia, for thirty years past, increased at the rate of 30 per cent; but in the United States, generally including those States at more than 150 per cent. In 1790, Maryland and Virginia had more than one fifth of the whole free population of the republic; but in 1820, only one ninth.—The slave states are fast losing their comparative power and resources. The valuation of the houses and lands of New-York and Pennsylvania under the United States assessments (the principle of valuation being the same in all) was more than \$600,000,000; whereas the aggregate of the houses and lands, and more than 1,000,000 of slaves added thereto of Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky, with a much larger area of land, and more than double the number of inhabitants, was less than \$520,000, or nearly one sixth less than those two States.

Does it not become the southern States, and the nation to look at these facts, and look at them steadily? They could be multiplied an hundred fold if necessary. *The southern States are fast losing their comparative power and resources, and is not slavery the one, the only cause?*

#### WRECK OF A SLAVE VESSEL.

From the Norwich Courier.

Extract of a letter to a gentleman in this city, dated Bahia, Sept. 1826.

"An English brig put in here a few days since, bound from Rio de Janeiro to Liverpool, to land twenty eight slaves, which were taken out of a Brazilian Slave Wreck, in long. 34 deg. W. lat. 19, S. The English brig discovered something floating on the surface of the water, and as they approached it, they found it to be a wreck; they lowered their boat, and went on board for the purpose of getting some spars, rigging and sails; they succeeded in getting the articles, and on leaving the wreck the last time, they thought they heard a sound like a person groaning, which induced them to make further search. They cut a hole in the bow, which was out of water, and took out 28 slaves, which were the only survivors out of one hundred and sixty. It is supposed the captain and crew were lost when the vessel capsized.—The survivors were delivered to the English Consul in this port—by whom the Captain was liberally rewarded for his humane exertions in their behalf.

*Question.*—Is it proper for a Female to pray in her School, when it is composed partly or wholly of lads?

A TEACHER.

It is certainly very proper for every school, as well as every family, to acknowledge its dependence on God, to plead for his blessings, and to render thanks for his mercies. The voice which speaks in the name of the whole, must be that of the teacher. If that teacher is a female, we cannot perceive that the circumstances excuses her from doing what belongs to her office. And this part of her duty requires no higher talents or prerogatives



than teaching and governing do; and if she steps out of the sphere in which women should always move, when she *prays*, she does the same when she enters a school as their sole teacher. If her circle of pupils includes lads, they will be far her inferiors in age and in knowledge, and there is nothing assuming in her leading them to the throne of grace. Her school is a very different place from a Conference or prayer meeting, where male adults are present; and what would be very improper in the latter, may be her duty in the former. If any female teacher remains in doubt on this subject, we would recommend to her the perusal of the *Memoirs of Mrs. Emerson*, who was left in great darkness of mind while she neglected this duty; and to whom the peace of God came as a river, when she resolved in very trying circumstances to commence it.—*Rec. & Tel.*

#### THE ORPHAN.

Where shall the child of sorrow find  
A place for calm repose?  
Thou Father of the fatherless,  
Pity the Orphan's woes.

What friend have I in heaven or earth,  
What friend to trust, but thee?  
My father's dead, my mother's dead,  
My God, remember me!

Thy gracious promise now fulfil,  
And bid my trouble cease;  
In thee the fatherless shall find  
Both mercy, grace, and peace.

I've not a secret care or pain,  
But he that secret knows:  
Thou Father of the fatherless,  
Pity the Orphan's woes!

A very sweet and plaintive voice sang these words. I could not at first discover from whence or from whom it proceeded. It was a beautiful moonlight evening in the month of September, and being a stranger in the village to which my walk had extended, I approached the church, which stood upon a hill at some distance from the houses, proposing to myself the pleasure of a lonely contemplation among the graves of the departed. I had scarcely arrived at the gate, which stood opposite to the church porch, when the above verses were softly sung by some person not in sight. Fearful of interrupting this artless hymn, which was evidently accompanied by broken sighs, as of one weeping not far off, I stood still to listen.

At that moment a poor girl, apparently about fifteen or sixteen years of age, came from behind a projecting part of the church, and soon returned again, without discovering that she was observed and overheard. I could not help feeling a momentary concern lest my approach might terrify, or at least disturb the feelings of the distressed girl, who seemed to be overcome with much affliction of heart.

Whilst I was gently opening the gate, she again sang the two last lines as before.

Thou Father of the fatherless,  
Pity the Orphan's woes.

At that moment the noise of the gate shutting, after I had passed through, caught her ear; she came forward, somewhat startled, and said, "Who is there?"—"One that can feel for the fatherless,

and pity the orphan's woes. Do not be afraid, but tell me whether the words you have been singing, are applicable to your own case? Are you deprived, by the providence of God, of your own parents?"

Bursting into tears, she said, "Indeed, Sir, I have lost them both, and am left without a friend on earth."

"But I trust not without a friend in heaven."

"I hope not, Sir," said the girl, "but my heart is very heavy. It is not a fortnight since my poor mother was laid in that grave beside my father, who died last year."

"And what brings you here to-night?"

"Sir," I come here as often as I can, at an evening, when my day's work is over to look at these two graves, and think about my dear father and mother. They were the best that any poor child ever had; and my greatest comfort is to come here by myself, and think over all their kindness and love to me while they lived." Tears again prevented her saying more.

"And where did you learn that hymn which I heard just now?"

"Sir, it is one that the minister of our parish, made for some children in the Sunday school, who lost their father and mother a few years ago; he called it 'The Orphan's Hymn,' and we sometimes used to sing it at Church and at School. But I did not know then how soon it would be my own turn to feel the same loss, and sing it for myself. But it is the Lord that hath done it, and I desire to submit to his will."

"Did your parents bring you up in the fear of God, and the knowledge of his blessed Gospel?"

"Oh! yes Sir, it was all their wish and pains to do so. They loved and feared God themselves, and they did all that lay in their power to teach me to do so too."

"And I hope from what you say, that their instructions have not been in vain. You can read, and know the value of God's word."

"I hope I do, Sir: I have learned from it, how good Jesus Christ has been to sinners. Poor, friendless, and distressed as I am, I would not part with the hope which the word of God gives me, for all the world. My mother told me — (here she with much difficulty went on.) "My mother told me a little before she died, that she had nothing to leave me but a blessing, a Bible, and the prayers which she had been offering up for me, ever since I was born. But, she said, that it is enough if God is but pleased to accept them. Indeed, Sir, you cannot think what a good mother I have lost. And now I am obliged to live with some neighbors, who use me very hardly, and force me to work beyond my strength, to get bread to eat. Sir, I have now no father nor mother to take care of me, nor feel for my difficulties, and teach me the ways of God as they used to do. I am young and inexperienced; and I am afraid, lest, without a guide, I should fall into errors and snares, which their kind care might have prevented."

"Let this be your comfort, when father and mother forsake you, then the Lord will take you up. For God is the helper of the fatherless, and has given an encouraging promise to the believing parent, that he may leave his fatherless children, and God will preserve them alive."

"Those," said the girl, looking up with great

earnestness, "were the last words my dear mother spoke to me: I can never forget them."

"And do you not believe, that in God the fatherless find mercy?"

"I do, Sir," answered she, "and am persuaded that he will neither leave me nor forsake me. I know I am a sinner, and as such, deserve only his displeasure, but through his grace, I can trust his word. Weak, helpless, and sinful as I feel myself to be, nevertheless I desire to cast my burthen upon him, and believe that he will sustain me."

"And is it your heart's desire to be a follower of these good parents, who through faith inherit the promises, and are now at rest with God?"

"Sir," replied the girl with the most affecting solemnity of manner; "to live as they lived, and to die as they died, is the first wish I have in this world."

Highly pleased with the strong marks of filial piety and dutiful affection, which this interesting young person manifested, I asked her what prospects she had for her livelihood. She said, "Her wish was to enter into the service of some pious family, if the goodness of God should lead her into such a situation."

I was strongly prepossessed with the simple and unaffected declaration of her sentiments, and viewed the circumstances of my seemingly accidental meeting with her, as a providential opportunity of rendering a service to a young and unprotected girl. I therefore offered her a servant's place in my own family, to assist in the nursery, which she joyfully accepted.—*Jubilee Her.*

#### SUBJECTS OF SELF-EXAMINATION AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Have I, during the year that is past, regarded the favor and everlasting enjoyment of God as the great end of all my schemes, and have I labored to maintain a constant reference to him in all the actions of my life?

Have I, in pursuing that end, placed my whole reliance on Jesus Christ, regarding his obedience, sacrifice, mediation, and intercession, as the only ground on which I could hope to obtain pardon and peace with God, the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, or any other spiritual blessing?

Have I kept continually in mind the indispensable obligations I am under to walk in the steps of Christ, and to be holy, as he is holy, if I would enter into heaven; and have I been constantly and earnestly engaged in prayer to God for his Holy Spirit, in the firm belief that by him alone can I be enabled to fulfil that obligation?

Have I been employed in cultivating an habitual sense of God's presence, and of my accountability to him; of the shortness of life, and of my obligation to improve it?

Has it been my study to appear well, not so much in the sight of men as that of God? And to that end have I been particularly on my guard against the love of human praise or distinction and the fear of shame; desisting from my purpose when I perceived them to mix with such as were more pure?

Have I been in the habit of considering love to God and zeal for his glory, as my highest duties? Has it been my daily labor to improve in these divine affections? And have I judged of my progress in them, not by transient fervors of the mind,

but by my habitual temper, by my punctual performance of the self-denying duties of Christianity; by my cheerful acquiescence in all the dispensations of the Almighty, and by the love, the humility, and the meekness, which I have been enabled to exercise to all around me?

Can I say of myself that I have lived a life of dependence upon Christ, and of faith in his word, and that I have made that word the exclusive measure of my belief and practice?

Has it been my particular study to restrain all wanderings of the mind in the public and private exercises of divine worship, and to guard also against the evils of vanity and formality in worshipping God?

Have I banished as much as possible vain and worldly conversation from my lips, and vain and worldly thoughts from my mind, on the Lord's Day, and have I taken delight in its appropriate duties?

Have I been careful so to arrange my business, and domestic concerns, that neither I myself nor any of my family, nor any one employed by me may experience any unnecessary hindrance to a regular attendance on the public worship of God, or be deprived of the time which is requisite for duly hallowing the Sabbath?

Have I been particularly studious to guard against the intrusion of impure thoughts; turning away mine eyes from whatever might excite them, shutting mine ears against polluting conversation, and restraining my tongue from every licentious word?

Have I been vigilant in repressing equally every rising or covetous desire, and every tendency to improper expense, or the careless profusion of any of the gifts of God?

Have I regarded myself merely in the light of a steward of the bounties of Providence; and have I sought out proper objects with whom to share them? Remembering that to God I must account for the employment of all his gifts, let me now inquire whether in the last year my heart has devised, and my hand has executed liberal things? What proportion of my gains have I given to God? Is it a sufficient proportion? Might it not have been enlarged by the abridgement of vain and superfluous expenses?

Have the temporal, but especially the spiritual miseries of my fellow creatures excited any serious concern in my mind, or led me to join in plans for their relief?

Have I been careful to improve my time, that invaluable talent: redeeming it from unnecessary sleep, and from frivolous conversation and pursuits; resisting every temptation to procrastination and sloth; applying myself with activity to the business of the present day or hour; and always exercising a self-denying attention to what is my proper work?

Have I kept the truth inviolate in the smallest, as well as in the greatest matters, even in cases where my worldly credit seemed to be at stake?

Have I conducted my worldly affairs with strict uprightness and fidelity, as in the sight of God; not concealing from others that which they ought to know, or taking advantage in any degree of their ignorance or dependence?

Have I been careful to look up to God for his blessing on all my undertakings, avoiding every pursuit, whether of pleasure or business, in which



I could not freely implore him to prosper my way?

Have I cultivated a teachable spirit? Have I been open to conviction, and been ready to receive reproof meekly and thankfully?

When engaged in dispute, have I been apt to indulge any superciliousness in look or manner, any sourness of mind, any impatience of contradiction; or have I been in the habit of listening, with patience and kindness, to the arguments and reasonings of others, however absurd and impertinent they may have appeared to be?

In my domestic relations especially, have I borne contradiction, or dissent, with kindness and good humor; or have I been apt to show impatience on any symptom of a difference of opinion?

Have I cherished a temper of benignity towards all around me; carefully attending to the duty of Christian courtesy, to the outward expression of love and kindness; and avoiding every thing, whether peevishness and ill humor, or coldness and neglect, which might unnecessarily wound the feelings of others?

Have I watched against all hastiness of spirit towards inferiors, and especially towards those who depend on me, or need my help; and have I been ready to listen cheerfully to their representations, and show them all the kindness in my power, consistently with other duties?

Have I allowed the ill conduct of others to lessen my kindness and good will to them, or to irritate me to return evil for evil?

In reproofing servants, have I been careful to avoid harshness; and has my general conduct towards them proved, that I am really anxious to promote their everlasting interests?

Have I been apt to indulge passion or peevishness towards my children; have I watched over them as one who must give an account of them to God; being prevented neither by false tenderness or indolence, from duly correcting their faults?

Have I exerted myself as much as I might have done, in leading my children, my servants, and all over whom I have any influence, to God?

Have I been sufficiently on my guard against all excess in eating or drinking, or in any other kind of bodily indulgence?

Have I been punctual in devoting a part of every day to those great concerns which lie between God and my soul?

Have I been in the daily habit of reading the Word of God with meditation and prayer?

How has the duty of secret prayer been performed? Have I every day made those graces of the Christian temper, in which I know myself to be defective, the subject of special and earnest supplication at the throne of grace?

Have I been accustomed to retrace the innumerable instances of God's providential goodness towards me, and to adore him on account of them?

Has my mind been properly affected with the blessings of redemption, and in the contemplation of them have I been willing to devote myself entirely to the services of my Redeemer?

Have I been in the daily practices of calling to mind my innumerable offences against God, and improve the recollection of them as in incitement to greater watchfulness, circumspection, and self-denial?

Have I daily engaged in the work of self-examination, and has that duty been faithfully and diligently performed?

Have I anxiously studied to reform what I have found to be amiss, and has the discovery of my failures led me more deeply to repent of sin, more highly to value the love of my crucified Redeemer, more implicitly to rely on his atoning merits for pardon and acceptance, and on the grace of the Holy Spirit, for victory over sin, and advancement in holiness?

Have I on the whole, been advancing in my spiritual course during the past year?

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW-HAVEN, JANUARY 6, 1827.

### AUXILIARY FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

Agents for the American Board have been engaged for several weeks past, in attending public meetings, and forming Missionary Associations, in the city of New-York. We understand they have met with much encouragement, and that there appears to be a growing interest in New-York on the subject of Missions. On Thursday of last week, a Society was formed, auxiliary to the American Board, embracing the different Associations in the city.

### LATE OUTRAGE AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We published in a late number a letter from Mrs. Bingham, containing a relation of the late infamous riot, committed by the crew of the U. S. schooner *Dolphin* against the Chiefs of the Sandwich Islands, and our Missionaries at that station. It could not have been credited, had it not come from an indisputable source, that an American crew had been guilty of so base and rash a violation of right and decency. We have now to learn, in the following extract from a letter of the Rev. Mr. Richards, that not only the crew were guilty, but that the Captain of the *Dolphin* was an instigator and accessory in this outrage.

His plea and excuse for so gross an aggression on a friendly nation's rights, and so foul a stain on our flag, we trust he will be called upon to give before a proper tribunal of his country; and therefore we stand not in judgment over his conduct.

But whatever may be the result of this affair in regard to the aggressors, we have to lament with indignation and sorrow, the blow that has been dealt to the cause of Christianity. It is well known that the trade of foreigners with the islands of the Pacific, and particularly the Sandwich Islands, has long been marked by the most brutal indulgence in lust and licentiousness. This desolating practice was among the earliest subjects of reform to which the Mission directed its attention. Circulars and protestations setting forth the disgrace and ruin consequent from such a custom, and enjoining a reform, were got up and signed by all masters and commanders of vessels, who had not lost all moral sense. The Rulers of the islands were at the same time taught the enormity and infamy of such licentiousness; and about two years

since enacted a law, prohibiting under pain of imprisonment, native females from going on board ships, for purposes of vice. It is the check of such a salutary influence which we have to lament.

"I must now give you a history of the conduct of Captain Percival, so far as I am acquainted with it. On his first arrival, he treated the Mission with tolerable politeness. In one of his first interviews with Mr. Bingham, however, he expressed his extreme regret, that females were prohibited going on board vessels. He soon began to drop hints against the mission, and in my presence ridiculed our attempts to instruct the people. He also made a formal request of Mr. Bingham, 'that none of the missionaries might be present when he conversed with the Chiefs, even if the government should send for them.' At length he went officially, in company with many of the foreign residents, to *Boki*, Governor of Oahu—the chief who accompanied the late king to England, and who during the illness of his brother *Karaimoku*, is at the head of the government, and railed most ridiculously at the law on females; declared the prohibition to be a great wickedness: said such a thing was unknown in England and America; and that if any chief or minister should attempt to stop prostitution in either of those countries, they would lose their heads immediately. He also spoke of the mission in the most hostile manner.

Finding that *Boki* had not the power of repealing the law, a general Council of the Chiefs was appointed at his request. The next morning, *Karaimoku*, (the aged and sick Regent of the Island,) and *Kaahumanu*, (the most powerful of the female chiefs, and associated with *Karaimoku* in the government,) requested Capt. P. to make his communication to them in writing, as Lord Byron had done at the council he held with the chiefs. He answered that he would not write, but would talk and would *fight*—that his vessel was small, but like fire—warned the chiefs as to their own safety in resisting his wishes—said he would shoot Mr. Bingham if he came to the council, and would have the law removed at any consequence. At the council he was more moderate, but insisted on the repeal of the law—complained loudly that the chiefs had insulted him by not admitting females to his schooner, when they had allowed them to go on board the *Blonde* frigate, (which was not true) and said he would rather have his arms and legs cut off, than to be thus insulted. Your missionaries, he added, tell you so and so, but they are only *Kanakas*, (common low men)—I know nothing about them—I am a *Chief* from the United States, and you must listen to me.

To his speech the chiefs made little reply, except that they had recently heard the word of God and were determined to obey his commandments, and walk in the right way. In answer to this mention of the word of God, he said, "When some wicked people took an adulteress to Jesus Christ to be punished, he did not punish her but told her to go back again," and here left the passage, so that the people who believed what the Captain said, supposed that our Lord commended the woman for adultery.

*Kaahumanu* said to him, "We have turned to the Lord, and we wish all our people to do the same;—for this reason we have laid the law. We

make no law for you, nor for your men, nor for your women—it is for our own females we have made the law." He received no answer at the Council, concerning the repeal of the prohibition. The next morning, he sent a messenger, demanding the liberation of five noted prostitutes, and threatened that he would blow the town down if they did not listen to him. On Saturday evening, the 25th of February, Capt. P. came to *Kaahumanu* again, told her she was hevaroa (very wicked) for not removing the law—told her she was putting herself and people in danger, and spent an hour in railing at her, the chiefs, and the mission—sometimes merely hinting at the hazard to which we were exposing ourselves, and at others uttering the most positive threats. *Kaahumanu* replied, "I have seen men of war before—I have seen men of war from England, and from Russia, and from France, and from Spain; but I have never before seen such a man of war as you are!" And she actually came to me to enquire whether Capt. P. was indeed an American officer, or whether he was not a *pirate*. The next morning, Sabbath 26th, all was pleasant and quiet as usual. In the afternoon, about the time of worship, it commenced raining, and the people were prevented assembling in the usual place of public service. *Karaimoku* was in his sick chamber, and most of the chiefs with him. Mr. Bingham went to the government house to consult the chiefs about the afternoon worship. While he was there, four sailors came in, armed with clubs, demanding the removal of the law—saying, they would have the restoration of their former practices, or they would have the houses down. *Karaimoku* ordered them peremptorily from the house, as did *Kaahumanu*, and the other chiefs: they refused to go, and formed a line brandishing their clubs. Other sailors soon arrived, and they commenced an attack on the house, and broke nearly all the glass in the front windows. They then left the enclosure of the chiefs and proceeded towards Mr. Bingham's residence, immediately adjoining. Mrs. Bingham was alone, and Mr. B. perceiving their design, sprung by a cross-path to her defence. He was met, however, at the door by seven of the mob, and forced back to the gate. He there escaped, and fled again to the yard of the chiefs—he was pursued by the mob, one of whom struck him with a club, and another drew his knife on him. As soon as the natives perceived this, they waited no longer, but fell on the sailors and soon secured them all. Mr. Bingham then went to his own house, but had scarcely fastened the door, when an additional party arrived. Two of them proceeded to Mr. Bingham's with heavy clubs, and beat in the windows, and attempted to force the door; but from some cause turned their clubs against each other, till one was laid senseless on the ground. In the mean time the battle was renewed in the other yard—stones and clubs flew in every direction, till Captain Percival arrived, and the men were secured and delivered to his charge. The whole number of sailors was near twenty—nearly all from the *Dolphin*—a few from the whale ships, and two or three of the residents. Captain P. expressed a regret that the riot had occurred, but added, that he could scarce blame the men, and that we now had proof that it would not do to have such a law, and that the missionaries were the sole cause of the mob. When assured by us that we



had nothing to do in the government, and in no case prescribed civil laws to the people: he contradicted us in the most positive manner, and said he knew better. The next morning two messengers came from him to the chiefs, saying they must repeal the law. Boki's courage failed, and he took such measures as in a good degree to comply with the demand; and multitudes of ignorant and degraded females have again resorted to the ships and their former abominable practices. Some of our christian friends at home may have shed a tear when reading of the abuse of a British whale ship, but no evil came from that outrage—tell them now to weep *tears of blood* over the lamentable consequences to this people of the violence and infamy of one of our own national vessels. The chiefs consider Capt. Percival as much the instigator of the attack as though he headed the mob in person. Karainoku, the most energetic and efficient of the chiefs, is almost gone with the drop-sy, and can no longer hold the reins of government—and, it is probable, the chiefs will never again act decidedly on this point, till some American officer, of higher rank, and better principles than Capt. P. comes to the island, and by his example and authority does away the evil caused by him. I ought, in justice to Capt. P. to add, that he caused six or seven of his men to be whipped. I have given all these particulars, that you may be able to correct any false statements on the subject, in America. We feel that our situation is critical, and at all times truly perilous. This is certain, that, if many more such vessels as the Dolphin visit the islands, there will be no hope for our lives."

For the Religious Intelligencer.

#### THE CAUSE OF SEAMEN.

MR. WHITING,

It has of late been a matter of surprise to me, that the friends of Zion who desire to have her kingdom enlarged, do not oftener make mention of the inhabitants of the Sea. I had considered them almost, if not quite forgotten by our Watchmen on these walls of Jerusalem, until the last Lord's day morning, at the Centre church, I had abundant occasion to bless a prayer-hearing God, for inclining the heart of one of his ministers to intercede for the destitute Sons of the Ocean, that *they* also, might know a Saviour's love, and be made partakers of his Great Salvation. It is the first time in many years that I have heard one solitary petition in the house of God, (except when especially requested) in behalf of those who do business on the great deep.

Permit me, Sir, through the medium of your useful and widely-circulated paper, to enquire of professing Christians generally, and of the ministering servants of Christ particularly, Why is this? In the house of God, in meetings for social worship, in Christian conferences, we often hear presented at the Throne of Grace, not only all the nations of Christendom, but the Turk,—the Jew,—the pagan and heathen nations of the earth,—the wandering tribes of the aborigines of our own continent, and the Isles afar off; while Seamen, who really seem to form a distinct class of people, and of themselves a *nation in numbers*, are wholly neglected or forgotten. For *their* salvation not one cry is heard,—not one prayer is uttered,—not one petition from our worshipping assemblies ascends to the throne of mercy! Again I ask, Sir, Why is this? Have seamen no souls to be saved or lost? And if they have, is not *their* salvation as important as that of a heathen? Did not the Redeemer of sinners shed his blood for *them* as well as others? Are not their

souls as precious in his sight,—and when washed in his blood—clothed in his righteousness—and surrounding his throne, will not the song of redeeming mercy from their tongues warble as sweetly as from the converted Pagan or Mohammedan? Are not "those that go down to the sea in ships" spoken of in Scripture as a distinct or separate class of men,—and is it not declared that "the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto God"—? Are Christians then unwilling to be in any way instrumental in bringing them to Christ? If they are not remembered in public, have we any assurance that they are not forgotten in the closet?

Would to God that both ministers and people would awake to this important subject, and with united hearts plead with Him who has the keys of life and death, that he would speedily accomplish his blessed promise to that neglected people. I repeat it, "Blessed promise!" it has often revived the heart of the desponding mariner, when through thick darkness Faith has rode triumphant, having this broad seal, "the Lord knoweth them that are His." And when he cometh to make up his jewels, may there be many seamen to bear witness that the prayers of Christians in their behalf, have not been in vain.

A Friend to Seamen.

NEW-HAVEN, JAN. 1, 1826.

From the New-York Observer & Chronicle.  
AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

It will be seen by the Treasurer's statement of Receipts accompanying this article, that the income of the Society for the last ten weeks has been larger than in any equal period since its formation in May last. This, however, has been the result of some special exertion on the part of the Executive Committee, and we doubt not that the friends of the cause every where will unite with them in rendering thanks for this partial relief to the Society under the mighty responsibilities it has been called to assume. But what is *three thousand and six hundred dollars*, among the tens of thousands of our countrymen that remain yet to be aided by this National Institution?

Let it be remembered that on the 7th of October, the Treasury of the Society was over-drawn \$1200, and that pledges had been given of \$8000 more to sustain the Missionaries already in the field; that since that time the Treasurer has paid out to meet current demands more than \$2000, and that the Committee have felt constrained to extend still further their engagements; and every calculating man will see that the receipts of the Society must be increased at least \$1000 each month, above what they have been hitherto, or its work must remain unaccomplished. The friends of this Institution, therefore, must be more systematic and liberal in their contributions to this great and good cause, or it will languish, and hundreds of our destitute settlements in the valley of the Mississippi, and in the wide moral wilderness of the West and South must still cry in vain for the help which they need. But the Committee do not allow themselves to despair. They feel encouraged by the increasing interest which has been manifested by the religious public in this sublime and glorious object, and they believe that if Christianity in our churches be any thing more than a *profession*, and patriotism in the breast of our citizens be more than a *name*, this cause will be loved more and more as it moves on. There is a God who sitteth as king over the nations, and he will unite the hearts of his people in an Institu-

tion so much like his own gospel as that which seeks to save to the uttermost all that inhabit this broad land, which is soon to be full of people. Under God, therefore, we lay down the claims of this object at the doors of our churches, and ask every minister, and each worshipper in the sanctuary, to inquire *what the Lord will have him to do.*

The Thanksgiving Collections remitted to the Treasurer have been fewer than we had reason to expect after the lapse of so many days. More will probably be received. But it is to be feared that multitudes of our churches have neglected the solicitations of the Committee on this subject, and that their day of Thanksgiving has gone by without eliciting from their abundance a single shilling to send the gospel to the poor—to their own children in the wilderness. Is it so? Are there rich men, and patriots, and Christian men, in this land of plenty, who amid their "feasts of fat things," have no *thank offering* for the Lord of Hosts, who blesses them? If there have been such, it is earnestly hoped that many of the number may be induced to review this subject, and that they will yet appreciate the claims of this Society, and give to it the patronage of their prayers and their alms.

The total amount of receipts acknowledged by the Treasurer of the American Home Missionary Society, since the 7th of October, is \$3,632 93. Among the contributions we notice the following donations:

*To constitute Directors for Life.*

E. A. Newton, Esq. Pittsfield, Mass. on his own contribution,	\$100 00
Rev. Brown Emerson, Salem, Mass. by members of his congregation,	100 40
Hon. Wm. Bartlett, Esq. Newburyport, Mass. his own contribution,	100 00
Rev. Samuel P. Williams, do. by members of 1st Presb. congregation there,	104 00
John Tappan, Esq. Boston, his own contribution,	100 00
Sam'l Hubbard, Esq. do. do.	100 00
Rev. Loammi Ives Hoadley, Worcester, Mass. by three sisters,	100 00
Rev. Daniel Dana, D. D. Newburyport, (in part) by members of 2d Rel. Soc. there,	42 41
Rev. Luther Dimmick, do. do. by members of 3d Rel. Soc. there,	50 00
Rev. Elias Cornelius, Andover, Mass. do. by members of his late cong. at Salem,	20 00
Robert Ralston, Esq. Phila. in addition to former contribution,	50 00
Alexander Henry, Esq. do. do.	50 00
Robert Gosman, Esq. Upper Red Hook, do	50 00

*Members for Life.*

Rev. Moses Gillet, Rome, by "Sisters' Soc'y at Rome," from Harriet Wright,	30 00
Rev. Burr Baldwin, Montrose, Pa. in part his own contribution,	15 00
Daniel M'Cormick, Esq. N. Y. his own contrib.	50 00
Henry Whittlesey, Esq. Catskill, do.	30 00
Rev. Henry R. Weed, Albany, by Juvenile Fragment Society there,	30 00
Rev. Nath'l Emmons, D. D. Franklin, Mass. his own contribution,	30 00
Mrs. Sarah Wills, Newburyport, Mass. by her husband,	30 00
Moses Brown, Esq. do. his own subscrip.	30 00
Capt. Paul Simpson, do. do.	30 00
John Pettingall, Esq. do. do.	30 00
Hon. D. Waldo, Esq. Worcester, Ms. do.	30 00
Rev. Sam'l Austin, D. D. do. by Hon. D. Waldo,	30 00
Rev. Rufus W. Bailey, Pittsfield, Mass. by a member of his Parish,	30 00
Jona. B. Gosman, Esq. Tompkins co. N. Y. his own subscription,	50 00

Rev. Wm. S. Reid, Lynchburgh, Va. by members of his congregation,	30 00
Rev. Ward Stafford, N. Y. in addition to \$15 before cont'd by the Unit. Fem. Dom. Soc'y	15 00
Rev. George Perkins, Ashburnham, Mass.	30 00
S. V. S. Wilder, Esq. Ware, Mass. his own cont.	30 00
Rev. Ezra Fisk, D. D. Goshen, N. Y. by a friend through the Corr. Sec'y,	30 00
Rev. Joseph M'Elroy, N. Y. by a Female Class under his instruction,	30 00

*Donations from the following persons, viz.*

Dr. James Jackson, Manlius, N. Y. by John D. Keese,	10 00
Moses Allen, Esq. New-York,	100 00
W. H. Chandler, Esq. Augusta, Oneida co. N. Y.	10 00
Rev. Wm. B. Sprague, West Springfield, Mass.	10 00
A Friend,	10 00
Mrs. Sarah E. Austin, New-Haven, Conn.	47 00
Two Friends, \$5 each, per Caleb J. Tenney, Wethersfield, Conn.	10 00
Branch Greer, Philadelphia,	10 00
A Friend to Missions, do.	100 00
Alfred De Forest, New-York,	50 00
Stephen Salisbury, Esq. Worcester, Mass.	20 00
Rev. John B. Hoyt,	9 40

**Revivals.**

Extract of a letter to the editor of the Christian Secretary, dated

VERNON, Dec. 13, 1826.

*Dear Brother,*—In August last, I baptised a person in this place. On that occasion another, who had long been anxious for the salvation of her soul, received comfort; and her duty to follow in the same path, was then made manifest. About the first of Nov. I baptised the last mentioned person at the same place where I baptised the former. A number who last evening offered themselves for baptism, to be administered next Lord's day, informed me that it was on this last baptismal occasion, they received their first impressions, which we have reason to believe resulted in saving conversion. Although they were much impressed, yet they labored to conceal their impressions, until the evening of the 2d of December. Next day I preached in this place, and in the afternoon requested to be informed how many were anxious about their souls, when about 20 arose and requested the prayers of the saints. In the evening between 30 and 40 arose with the same request, and also to be remembered the next evening at the monthly prayer meeting in Wethersfield, where I reside.

This work commenced in what is here called Factory Village, where a large proportion of the inhabitants labor till about 9 o'clock in the evening, (Saturday and Sundays excepted,) it was therefore, deemed inexpedient to attempt to hold meetings for preaching, until the Saturday evening following. On Friday, I rode to East Hartford, where I preached to a solemn assembly, and found some who expressed a hope, that they had recently passed from death unto life.

Here I met with Br. Jennings.—The next day being stormy, and as it would be on his way to Andover, where he contemplated preaching on the Lord's day following, I concluded it advisable for him to attend meeting with me on Saturday evening, at Vernon. When we arrived, we were informed that a number were rejoicing in hope. During the evening meeting, a request was made for all who had recently obtained a hope, to manifest it by rising: and to our surprise and joy, be-



tween 30 and 40 arose. These being seated, the request was made for all those who had no hope, and were anxious about their souls, to make it manifest; when between 20 and 30 of this class arose, and signified their request to be remembered in prayer.

Late in the evening, we closed our meeting, and retired to Mr. M.'s about half a mile from the place where we met for worship. After I had retired to rest, we were informed that a number under conviction for sin, had called at a house a few rods from where we held our meeting, some of them in the greatest distress; and that it was their desire that we should visit them immediately. Br. Jennings not having retired, was advised to comply with their request, which he did, accompanied by Mr. M. The groans and cries for mercy, of those whose hearts were pierced with the arrows of truth, were distinctly heard by them, while they were a number of rods from the house where they were. After remaining a while with them, a messenger was sent for me. About 12 o'clock I arose from my bed, and went to behold the work of the Lord. Among the number begging for mercy, were two young men about 26 years of age, who were in great distress. One of them found peace about the time I arrived. The other still remained, apparently almost in the agonies of a natural dissolution; but we have reason to believe that it was a death to sin, and that before we left, he was made alive to holiness. Being much fatigued with our labors, the work being so powerful, and the calls for prayer and conversation so many, it was thought impossible for one to attend to all the duties, which appeared to be indispensable. I, therefore, concluded it duty for Br. Jennings to relinquish going to Andover, and to bear a part with me in the duties of the day. From the hour of 12 on Saturday night, to the close of our meeting the next evening, 10 or more were hopefully brought into the liberty of the Gospel. From that time to the present, souls have daily manifested that they have peace, through the merits of a Saviour crucified.

Those who labor in the Factories until the time before mentioned, meet together for prayer and conversation one hour, commencing at 9 o'clock. Our meeting last evening, which was held nearly two miles from the place where the work commenced, was evidently attended with a blessing.—There were a number of the aged, middle-aged, and blooming youth, who arose and signified a desire to be remembered in prayer to the throne of mercy. Here was witnessed the unusual scene of children, parents, and grand-parents, all expressing a desire to find the Saviour.

Your's in haste,  
WILLIAM BENTLEY.

#### REVIVAL IN NEW-YORK CITY.

Having, from week to week, been made partakers of the joys of our brethren in different parts of the country, whose prayers have been answered, and whose labors have been blessed abundantly, in winning souls to Christ, it gives us great pleasure to be able to call upon them, in our turn, to rejoice, and praise the Lord with us, for what he is now doing in the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. One or two of the Societies have been favored with a gradual revival for a

year or more; and blessed be God, these drops of mercy have recently increased to a more plentiful shower. The work is becoming general, and all our societies are sharing, in a greater or less degree, in its gracious influence. Our public and private meetings are well attended, and the gospel is preached in its simplicity, purity, and power. It is no uncommon thing to see our large churches well filled at prayer meeting, and twenty, thirty, or more mourners prostrate at the altar for prayers. Many have already found the Lord to be a God of mercy, "forgiving iniquity, transgressions and sins," and hundreds more are inquiring what they must do to be saved. We expect shortly to receive from the preachers a more minute and circumstantial account of this glorious work. In the mean time, we call upon our brethren every where, to bring all their tithes into the Lord's storehouse, and prove him now therewith, and see if he will not open the windows of heaven, and pour us out a blessing, until there shall not be room enough to receive it."—*Chris. Adv.*

#### AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

When I was travelling in the state of Massachusetts, twenty-six years ago, after preaching one evening in the town of —, a very solemn looking young man arose, and wished to address the assembly. After obtaining license, he spoke as follows: "My friends, about one year ago I set out, in company with a young man of my intimate acquaintance, to seek the salvation of my soul. For several weeks we went on together, we labored together, we went to meeting together, and often renewed our covenant never to give over seeking, till we obtained the religion of Jesus. But all at once, the young man neglected attending meetings, appeared to turn his back on all the means of grace, and grew so shy of me that I could scarcely get an opportunity to speak with him. His strange conduct gave me much painful anxiety of mind; but still I felt resolved to obtain the salvation of my soul, or perish, making the publican's plea. After a few days, a friend informed me that my young companion had received an invitation to attend a ball, and was determined to go. I went immediately to him, and with tears in my eyes, endeavored to persuade him to change his purpose, and go with me on that evening to a prayer meeting. I pleaded with him in vain. He told me, when we parted, that I must not give him up as lost, for after he had attended that ball, he intended to make a business of seeking religion. The appointed evening came, and he went to the ball, and I went to the prayer meeting. Soon after the meeting opened, it pleased God, in answer to prayer, to turn my spiritual captivity, and make my soul to rejoice in his justifying love. Soon after the ball opened, my young friend was standing at the head of the ball room, with the hand of a young lady in his hand, preparing to lead down the dance; and while the musician was tuning his violin, without one moment's warning, the young man sallied back and fell dead on the floor. I was immediately sent for to assist in devising means to convey his remains to his father's house. You will be better able to judge what were the emotions of my heart, when I tell you that that young man was my own brother."—*Chris. Adv.*

## Poetry.

FOR THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

## TIME.

INSATIATE Time! and hast thou flung  
Thy sable pall around the bier,—  
And with its fatal sisters sung  
The requiem of another year.

The great and good, the wise and just,  
Had felt thy power and owned thy sway,  
Nations now prostrate in the dust,  
Their strength—their names—thou'st borne away.

The noble Thebes thou had'st destroyed,—  
Proud Nineveh thy hand had raz'd,—  
Earth's mistress was the owl's decoy,  
The herd among their ruins grazed.

Thine were the years before the flood,  
With those that since had passed by;—  
The day that shed a Saviour's blood,  
And could not all these satisfy.

Yet thou hast snatch'd another year,  
Its records by our God are sealed;  
Each secret thought a world must hear,  
When from the throne of Christ reveal'd.

And many of our friends are gone,  
Borne by thee o'er death's gloomy sea;  
Their work perform'd or left undone,  
While they are in eternity.

Why haste thou thus? Each trembling sand,  
As from thy glass it speeds its way,  
Proclaims thy own approaching end,  
And hastens on thy burial day.

Kingsdoms and kings before thee bow,  
Thy sovereign power o'er earth is sure,—  
The granite throne thou layest low,  
And time itself—time can't endure.

For soon th' archangel's trump shall sound,  
The earth shall hear the dreadful roar,  
Re-echoing to its farthest bound—  
"Thou old Time shall be no more."

And when dear Lord, that day shall come,  
And death and time no more shall be,  
Admit us to thy heavenly home,  
To spend eternity with thee.

C.

FOR THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

## THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Go to the grave, thou lifeless year!  
With withered joys and sorrows rest,  
And I will shed the mourner's tear  
Repentant o'er thy frozen breast.

Yes,—heap the sods! It matters not  
How deep and dark thy sleep shall be,  
Yet grateful Memory marks the spot  
And lingering oft shall think of thee.

Shall think of thee!—thy deeds of love,  
Thy ample space for Virtue's sway,  
Thy calls to seek a home above,  
Thy warnings of the world's decay.

Thy last clock strikes!—That midnight knell  
Warns hence away my lonely feet;  
Dear buried friend, farewell! farewell!  
Till the last trumpet bids us meet.

But lo! the unclos'd tomb restores  
Clad in white robes an infant year,  
Sent by His hand whose mercy soars  
Unwearied round this mortal sphere.

Come to my arms! Thy gifts to me  
In the eternal casket lie,  
Perchance the joys of life to see,  
Perchance to dash the cup and die.

Since by a Father's care alone,  
Our hearts can e'er be sooth'd or griev'd,  
Since thou his blest decree dost own,  
Be thou in trusting love receiv'd.

If here to dwell, my lot shall prove,  
With heavenly wisdom shield my breast,  
If hence to go, guide thou above,  
And help to win an angel's vest.

H.

## PIETY.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hope, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulph of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish and precipices of horror.

JOHNSON.

## HOW TO DO GOOD.

"A religious paper, properly conducted, is a means of conveying great benefit to its readers, and of promoting beyond calculation the cause of Christ. If this be correct, the greater the number of persons who read it, the more is its usefulness extended. Perhaps, then, a private Christian, or even a minister of the gospel, cannot spend one day more to the benefit of his fellow-men, than by making known a religious paper to those who have not seen it, or by soliciting the names of such as know and acknowledge its value, but neglect to apply for it."

## INSTALLATION.

The Rev. Edward Fairchild was installed pastor of the first Presbyterian church of Milford, New York, Oct. 25, 1826: Sermon by the Rev. J. Smith, of Cooperstown; charge to the people by the Rev. J. H. Prentice, of Hartwick; charge to the pastor by the Rev. A. Caldwell, of Westford.—Communicated.

Terms of the *Intelligencer*.—In advance, \$2.50. Seven copies, \$2, with an allowance of 10 per cent. to agents.

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